



# Falling City



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## Chapter 1 by Paul Soroka

The man smiled as he thought of what he would do to the city of Varaslav. He would bring it down with his bare hands. He already had a gang controlling the slums and a company controlling the Aristocrats. His smile turned into a grin when he realized that the mayor will be killed soon. But then he frowned. He knew that he didn't control one part of the city. The people that were off the grid.

"Hey Adam, get over here!" Neal shouted as he looked at the bank. At what they were about to rob. It was hardly a bank, yet the Aristocrats put all their faith and trust in their security. Adam followed Neal to a better vantage point on the church.

"Did Mark already knock the guards out?"

"He's starting to," Neal answered. Neal gestured to the sides of the bank.

"You can see bodies in the dumpster." Neal continued.

"Yeah, and he just finished the other side of the bank." I answered.

I pointed to Mark, who was giving us the thumbs up. Neal and I put on our masks, and equipped a silenced FN Scars. The best assault rifles on the market.

"Let's go." Neal said. I couldn't agree more.

## Chapter 2 by Bean



As the three of them walked in, no alarm went off.

"I guess this is going to be easier then we expected. It's terrible security!" I laughed quietly.

"Yeah, I'm never trusting this bank with my money." Neal and I smiled at each other.

"Guys over here!" Mark whispered happily.

Me and Neal walked over to Mark. Something pushed me in the side, and my whole body felt like it was buzzing.

My face drooped. I know I was wrong?"

I fell to the ground.

"Adam!" I barely heard Neal resp quietly.

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I could see a blurry Mark stand over me. "Woah, dude. What happened?"

I could slightly see Mark's face start to droop. Neal noticed. He looked around frantically. Then, he kicked the air and there was an oof sound.

As I slowly became unconscious, Mark and Neal whispered, "We're not alone."

And then I fainted.

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